Original Poetry By the Writer.

Jan 22, th. 1863

You have wronged me deeply wronged me
None on earth will ever know
How my heart lies bruised and bleeding
How much misery and woe.

So concealed within my bosom
Though A cheerful face I wear
There is nothing now but sadness
That has banished every care

It is dreary Oh so dreary
When love has left this heart
For I am weary oh so weary
My race is almost run

You did wound my heart so deeply
God alone must be yours judge
I did do it true wife's duty
Ask yours own heart if I've not

I did love you truly love you,
None will e'er do the same
For A true and loving wife
To Gods best gift to man

Permilla

Yes Yilda from her friend Will
So long as life shall last
As long as strength is mine
My hand shall guide the pen
And rite for you A line

To tell of love unbound
Within my deep heart lying
To tell of faith and hope and love
Born of A saivans God above,

Will Jan 22 th. 1863

For Ll

Inconstant — oh to turn
Turned from the sightful shells of thy breast
My tired heart splutters through
The changeful world, A bird without A nest

Will

The heart must often be restrained
And strive to hide the love it feel
Yet oft Exposure thus maintains
The flame that burns within reveals

Permit

Jan 22 th 1863

Composed the day after standing by the
Coffin of my friend Miss Jane Mills who
died April 26th 1852.

~~Dec 14th 1854~~

As she lay last night 'neath the pale candle light
Which fell on her peaceful bed
She seemed like the form of a seraph saint
With no sign of sin or mortal taint
With glory around her head,

With her eyes half closed and lips apart
And her arms like marble pair
Croped o'er her breast, and gently spread
She lay as she sank to her peaceful rest
In the Cabin repose of prayer

At the morning came and we gazed again
And the sun's spirits were wounded and sad
The morning prayer soon made us glad
For we knew she awoke in heaven

Pernill

Jan. 25th 1903

I am sitting all alone to night
And thinking over the past
And thinking of the many bright hours
With shadow over cast

Pernill Dahlquist

Written for Mrs Oberlin on the death of her boy
Dec 1862

To be laid in meath the Churchyard sod

Our dear and darling boy
His spirit was only lent from God
To be our darling Joy

The earth is very dark and cold
The grave is damp and dreas
The shepard took him to his fold
But we Donut sojourn here

Methinks I see him smiling stand
Among that glaurious throng
A golden harp with his hand
A song upon his tounge

In faith I veiw that shining band
aBrounnd our pathss throne
The angels ~~spirits~~ wait him in that land
So he„ll not be alone

Permill

I grant the pardon for which you crave
But love sleeps still will know awaking
I had surrounded him with a halo of virtues
they are rudely disturbed My heart is closed for

On the death of Mr D Wilbur 13 Reg O V I

Dear friend weep not for the departed
The form you loved so dear
Enclosed the brave and Lion hearted
But you must awhile stay here.

He sleeps beneath Dixies southern sky
So many miles away
The victim of hate and jealousy
Oh how shall them portray

The demon rife of this hellish strife
That is waging now twixt brothers
They do not think of saving the life
Of yours love, or any others.

I fain would give vent only for an hours
Some solace to your heart
But Oh I feel — how feble is my powers
A ray of joy to impart

But weep not dear friend he has reached the haven
Where war and strife may not come heaven
And prepare dear friend to meet him in
Ons long and eternal home

He may never come back to you my friend
But you may go to him
For A land where the love of yours heart will blend
In one long and joyful hymns

Then ary your eyes and look above
There is justice in ours God
You thus will meet your dear love
Submit to his chastening rod

Composed by the writer
Sat, eve, Jan 25, 1863

The Lord has gave and taken away
Praise to his name be given
As a saivour grand that she is blest
With all the saints that's gone to rest
Away up in heaven

Dec, 8, ans sda
She is gone to the grave our bird has flown
Away to ours fathers rest
The Lord he took her for his own
She sleeps in the saivours breast

A Boon I Crave,

O give to me but one dear friend
One true heart I may love
For it the sweetest joy will lend
Bright as the gems above.

Oh give to me this gift so rare
That cant for gold be bought
Give me but one dear friend to share
Of cares and joys a part

I seek not beauty boon so bright
It has no charms for me
It blooms and fades like morning light
Lasting it cannot be

But friendships boon will ever last
Nor from our memory fade
A gleam of joy around it will cast
Even when our hopes are dead

Permill

Composed in the old log house on
Hickpatricks farm when I was about 16
years old in 1850

March 5th 1856 Lakes Thought

Another day is gone and night is here
The appointed time draws nigh
When you and I and all must appear
Unto that - judge on high

Once more my days task is done
My weary feet is at rest
When will the work of life be done
When will my soul have rest

Never O never will the peace
For which I long be mine
Mine is a life of weariness
My every thought is thine

Yours
Permilla

Feb, 1857, Sunday, Morning No. 5

Yes she is gone and darling her little form lies mouldering in the ground but her spirit has soared to mansions of bliss where all the redeemed shall sit and sing the praises of the Lamb and all that have washed their robes white in a saviours blood shall meet and sing and shout Hallilujah

Permilla

Dec. 3. 1854 Jas Henry

Henry when you are far away
And among althe scenes do rove
Will you not let one thought stray
Back to the object of yours love

Will you not think of hes sometimes
Who left parents and friends all Dear
To share with you the cares of life
While we shall sojourn here

Will you not often let A thought
Come back to hes who pray for you
Who rest content upon yours breast
And loves to rest there too

Henery when you in althe lands do roam
And althe scenes do rein
Remember those that are at home
And only wait for you

Remember us yours household band
A wife and children three
Two Cherubs is gone to the angels land
But we remain for thee

To A Lost friend.. Dec 11th. 1854

Glad I met thee in lifes morning
When the rose was on my cheek
Ere the hand of time had marked my brow
Or left its trace of Grief

Glad I met thee ere the dawn of youth
Had left my thoughtful brow
I might have loved thee then in truth
But cannot love thee now

Glad I met thee ere we both
Were bound by ties
As sacred now and holy
As the God that rules the skies

We have met too late, Alas
It has ever been my fate
To have the cup of joy presented
When too late alas to late

Permilla

April 12 th. 1863
Our Dearest ties are severed
Our sweetest joys are fled
We have no abiding place on earth
Till numbered with the dead

Sweet Ida.. Dec.. 3.. 1857

She is gone to the grave, but we will not mourn hers
Our dear Ida is above
Jesus has took her and angels have borne hers
Away to his arms of love

She is gone to the tomb the earth is hers pillow
But Jesus hers shield from all harm
The saivour did call hers away from all sorrow
To dwell above in his arms

She is not ours the Lord he did claim hers
And took her away from all pain
Heaven is hers and angels surround hers
Ours loss hers eternal gain

to hers
Do not mourn not my heart but strive to go
To that land of promise given
She will sing and shout his song of glaness
When we arrive on that blest plain

She has reached that land of rest
Free weary mortals given
That land of promise where the blest
Have all their sins forgiven

Permill

My Lost Daughter.. Dec.r 1st 1857

Once upon my bosom lying
Was A little angel form
Now it is to Jesus given
Has beyond these earthly storms

Truths of Mercies calm My breast
And reconcile to thee
My every thought of vain regret
And may it comfort be

To know that she is thine above
Has from all earthly harm
Safe in that dear embrace of love
And in thy sheltering arms

Why should I murmur Oh my God
At thy Mysterious ways
Should I not rather seek the road
That leads to endless days

Permill

Sabes Thoughts

There is A land of rest
For weary mortals here
A land of promise where the blest
Will rest from all there fears, Permill

Sober Thoughts, Nov. 28th 1859

Oh help me to shun every vice
And Holly here below
Oh let the blood of christ suffice
To wash me white as snow
Help me to guard my tongue
From ever speaking ill
Of hardtus Sisters Companions
Or any of this one

Dec 1862

Dearest Henery when I wander
Far from home and those I love
You will not blame me but will ponder
On the cause that made me rove

Do not blame me for my sadness
I was once a happy bride
How much joy oh how much gladness
You have banished from my side

I am weary sick of weeping
Over all my hopes that fled
My love was not worth the keeping
So yours actions all have said

Permill

To Anna Our Daughter

Dearest anna Thou hast gone
We will not weep for thee
For Thou from earthly sin and care
Forever more art free

Anna dear I miss thee much
Down ant ans little home fold
No other one can ere supply
The place my heart did hold

Thy golden hair and dimple brow
And beautiful blue eyes
They shunn Mercis wings with angels now
In yons home above the skies

My household Treasures now are three
I miss you every day
Your kindly arms and willing hip
Wanta Miss dull care away

Pennell

Feb 19th 1863

Sweet Tina

Dec 3

She is gone to the grave but we will not
mourn her
Our dear Tina is above
Jesus has took her and angels have borne her
Away to his arms of love

She is gone to the tomb the earth is her pillow
But Jesus her shield from all harm
The saivour did call her away from all sorrow
To dwell above in his arms

She is not ours the lord he did claim her
And took her away from all pain
Heaven is her and angels surround her
Our loss her eternal gain

So mourn not my heart but strive to go to her
In that land of promise Given
She there will await our coming with pleasure
In the name for the forgiven,

Permill

Dec „ 3 Dens Pet

Vacant it the chais and empty the bed
That was filled by our sweet Tina
Dens Tina is ours no longer but safe and dear
In heaven we will meet her yet

Permill

1858

Our Ida

She is gone to the grave our bird has flown
away to her parents rest
The lord did claim her for his own
And she lives on the saivours breast

Permit

Thaughts of My daughter

Hush my heart and still thy beating
Thy dear Idol is no more
She is now in angels keeping
Yas beyond this earthly shore,

Twas for the best there ceace thy murmering
Do not at his ways repine
She is now with angels slumbering
She is his and not thine

Permit

1858 July 4th A visit

I have spent this afternoon and evening very well and so pleasantly, how I do enjoy Mrs Everhart society she is a noble woman, after having been with her ones feels like beginning the battle of life anew it is no use I try to put my thaughts on paper my heart wants fill a volume

Permit

Moonlight-

How pleasant is the moonlight-
  Which falls on shrub and tree
How pleasant-ier is the moonbeams
  Which fall on you and me

How pleasant is the moonlit beams
  That falls on hill and dale
But sweeter still the moonlit hours
  When lovers talk prevail,

There is A charm A holy spell
  In the moons pure rays for me
It makes the memory of by gone words
  Which passed tween you and me

It makes the time when by thy side
  I climbed that rugged hill
That we descended for to taste
  The sweets of that rippling rill

Permill

Composed in the old log house

July 26th 1863

Farewell for Tilda

Farewell dear friend A long farewell
Oh how can I bid you adieu
How can my grieving spirit tell
My sorrow at losing you

Farewell tilda we, ll meet again
Where sorrow and sin are no more
Our race of life is almost ran
We, ll meet on that heavenly shore

Accept this tribute of my love
My dearest best of friends
My thoughts are sent my love they prove
A long farewell my friend

Permill

my thoughts of to night Dec, 20 1863

How long is this dark cloud
To rest over my life — Must I forever grope
in egyptian darkness as it were for ever why
Can I not see my duty and then perform
it Can I never find rest will this long
ing after something higher and better
never find what it seeks No Never

Permill

Dec, 18th 1863 "Thoughts for "Zelda

"Twilight — hours Oh how sweet and lovely are twilight-musing twilights soft and silvery light is falling around me and my spirit is holding communion with thine — As I sit and gaze on this wide expanse of snow and sky the bright silvery light of the moon is falling on me & & Oh how beautiful, lovely, Sublime is the soft and silent hours of twilight

Oh if my spirit could only wing its flight upwards and onward to where sorrow and sin enters not — will the Cares and Trials of this life ever come to an end will we at last lay our frail bodies down and take up our flight — home to heaven

Permill Gleldon

Per "Helen Brand

Permilla Heldenbrand

D

Dec, 15th 11th 1857 Musing No 4

There is A land of rest, A home for
weary souls— A land where pure enjoyment
reigns A home where pure love and
undefiled religion is the centre jewle of
joy — there is A mansion prepared above
by the saviour of sinners. Oh what
bliss to know that jesus Christ came
into the world to die for us poor needy
worms of the dust that we through him
are saved — Give us thankful hearts
Oh Lord for all thy mercies,

Pernill

November, 23, 1858 Solemn Meditation

Oh help me to shun every vice
And folly here below
Oh let the blood of christ suffice
To wash me white as snow

Help me to guard my tongue
From ever speaking ill
Of brothers friends or classmates
Or any other one

To My Heart Ideal

Absent friend though always dear
Now I bid you farewell here
Soon; to meet in that bright world
Where ever sorrow is unfurled

Jack Thought

C. Pn. Barnhardt
Jane Township
Spencer Co Iowa
Jan 14th 1871

Augt 30th 1863 — Evening Thought,

'Tis evening — I am sitting by my window while the full rays of an August moon is gently falling on me — Moonlight on the prairie — Oh how beautiful — none knows but those who like Mexicans view it for the first time — So far as the eye can reach one wide expanse of land and sky — what a beautiful Country — 'tis just rolling enough to make it lovely — With here and there a grove of these old forest trees — That rear their heads tall and majestic to the heavens blue Azure and now and then a clump of shrubery to relieve the sameness of the scenery — Oh 'tis lovely and grand as you stand on a gentle rise And let the eye rove as it were from one end of earth to the other — What a vast extent of land — only broken here and there by a cornfield as per chance A few wheat stacks to faint out the hand of civiligation — has at last drove the original owners, (as from their homes and the graves of their forefathers — even yet can be seen the indian mound so dear to every child of Nature and they dare not even come to gaze once more upon them — such is like even those most nearest and dearest change — we weep Alas 'tis so,

Permit

Dreaming,

March 15th 1868

I am sitting Sadly sitting
By the fireside to night
And my thoughts they keep a flitting
And obscures my mental sight

I am dreamming only dreamming
Over days that past and gone
It is seeming only seeming
That I am sitting here alone

I am musing sadly musing
Over all my joys that's past
What a dark and dreary shadow
Over all my future cast,

It is worthless sitting dreamming
While the firelight doth play
With its fairy light fantastic gestures
Chasing all my gloom away,

Who would muse on grief and sadness
While the world so gay and bright
Burst the flowers with richest gleams
Of its glories to the light

Permill

Permill
Permill
Permill
Permill
Permill

West Liberty Sept 16th 1863

Lines For Kate Clay

Dear Kate I am sorry to leave you
There are so few hearts but are cold
May the cares of this life never grieve you
Keep A brave face and A bold

We are journeying down lifes valley Dear Kate
It sorrows are many and deep
May we on the shores of heaven awake
Our eyes will no longer weep

Oh tell why do we live so long, Dear Kate
In this world of sorrow and care
And why are our minds so often Kate Dear
Held on the rack of despair ——

West Liberty Iowa

By the dearest friends are parted
To meet no more on earth
By the good the pure and loving hearted
Are gone ere they had birth

Mills

Dec, 6th, 1857

Mercsing, No, E Sabbath, eve

It is the holly sabbath and what thoughts come crowding to my mind so might I have thought of our sweet Pet Ida. that is gone to the land of spirit it is a fitting subject to occupy my thoughts She is now with Christ free from sorrow and temptation free from the bitter strife and petty envyings of this world — altho so young to realize that our pathway here are not all strewn with flowers but if the knowledge would have come to one of her quick perceptions she was to sensitive a plant for this cold soil of ours

Bennill

Dec " 16th 1863 " "To "My Heart's Idol

Absent friend and always dear
Now I bid you farewell here
Soon. to meet in that bright world
Where every sorrow is unfurled

I am poor but still am rich
In the love of you which
I will return when we meet
In that bright world at jesus feet

Should you ever think of me
In this world why let it be
With pure and holy thoughts of love
That when we part we, ll, meet above

I am unhappy and I ask myself
Why within your clasp
I am so free from every thought
Save one that my poor spirit got

I Love and wish to be beloved
By one whose very name has moved
My soul in former days of joy
The pleasure yet I can't allay

And if you love and love like me
Our souls have meet and we are free
And we, ll, love on and never let
The sun of our bright morning set

Now Adieu Awhile adieu
But I must ever love with you
I love you yet and ever will
And so may you my prayer is still

My Farewell dear A long farewell
Long I hope to see you well
And enjoy the blessing of life
As long as you enjoy the wife

My Farewell dear Awhile Adieu
I can no longer stay with you
But I hope to meet you Above
Where every sorrow is All love

Permill McConnell

Dec, 22 ~~th~~ " " 1863 . Lonly Musing

I would not live always
Where sadnes and gloom
My pathway of flowers
With weeds are all strewn

After all and " what is life
Only pain and grief
Only vain and anxious strife
Rest brings not relief

When bereft of earthly love
What to me is earth
Thought like these find no place
In my soul for birth

Thought like these will do for some
Sordid gaings of the world
But to me the world to come
Is worth ans dearest Jays

What to me is gilded walls
When no love reigns in it
What to me is poorest Halls
If My heart is not in it

Pennill

July

Ella R Born the 15 1855

Ella

Dec 6 1876

She is gone to her home in Heaven
away to that land of light
to sing the song of the Redeemed
forever in Gods sight

To that blessed land of peace
of Angels and of love
Where tears and sorrow cease
it is so bright above

She came for a home in the west
away toward the setting sun
the Savior took her to his breast
her task on earth is done

Her short bright life is ended
her night of weary pain

She is gone to the bright land
celestial plains

Twilight Musings

Dec, 20th 1863

When I am dead and gone
Who'll by my footsteps here
My little children one by one
Will miss their mothers dear

So passeth life away
Each day brings pain and sorrow
Life soon would be too sad to stay
Were no hope left for to morrow

But thank the Lord hope rides above
The tempest and the storm
Our God above we still can love
When earth of joy is shorn

If this earth were all to live for
How unendurable our lives
If we were nought else meet for
But this enduring and strife

How vain are all enjoyments here
To satisfy my soul as heart
My God alone I look for love
When earth and I shall part

Permill

Nov 2. 1873

What a weary, tire some dreary
What a world of sloomy care
Will we ever find our dwelling place
Where all is bright and fair

Where the good the pure are walking
In robes of spotless white
The streets of gold and talking
The saviors in their sight

for us Allie
Yes dearest Allie thou art gone
into our Lord above
Ten thousand angels swell that throng
And sing redeeming love

Oh yes methinks I see the band
Arrayed in shining white
A golden harp within thy hand
A crown within thy sight

Let little ones come unto me
and forbid them not for I am he
That gave them spirit bidde Farewell

Warsaw Augt 16th 1863

Fare thee well — and if forever
Still forever fare thee well
Even though unforgiving never
'Gainst thee can my heart rebel

Would my breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can know again

Would that breast by thee glanced over
Every inmost thought my show
Then thou wouldst at length discover
That it was not well to spurn it so

But 'tis done — all words are idle
Words from me are vainer still
But the thoughts we can not bridle
Force their way against the will

Fare thee well thus disunited
Torn from every nearer tie
Seared in heart — and lone and blighted
More than this I scarce can die

Pencil

Where are the friend
Where are the friends that once I knew
Fayouth bright sunny hours
They've passed away as morning dew
Melts from the summer flowers
Oh some are joined in hymens bands
And some across the wave
Of death — across in to that happy land
The land beyond the grave
And sadness steals across my soul
As Twilight comes at even
Till hope doth whisper in my ear
You'll find the lost in heaven

Miss Effie Hurlie

August 30th 1865

The dearest ones are taken
Into the perfect day
And we are left forsaken
Without one feeble ray
Of hope to guide our weary feet
Across the narrow way

Lemill

Musing, No, 6, Friday,

It is the last day of this month and
here I sit alone it is the holy sabbath
and where are my thought straying
far beyond this earthly shore they go
to the land of rest where sorrow
and suffering are ever more the
hand of parting is not given — Oh
what joy to know that Christ is ours
and we can know all and feel it while
here below — Oh ye that laught and
scoff at the sweet religion of God —
if you only knew the blessing of A
saivaur love if it only was burning
in your soul like the flame of life
then you could laugh and sing for joy

Pernill

March 4th 1849

July 30th 1864 Evening Thoughts

There is Music in the Mountain air
There's Music in the waving trees
There's Music on the hilltop bare
And in the air we breathe

There's Music in the hazel dell
And on the Mountain brow
There's fragrance in the woodbine bower
But sadness on my brow

There Lowing of the kine is heard
The beauties of both land and sea
And Music of those little birds
But Ah alas Its not for me

Pennill

My Heart Longings ——— July 31st 1860

Oh why this heart of flesh
My this bitter sense of wrong
My this dreary dearth of loveliness
Amid the busy throng

Oh why this silent tear
My this dreary load of pain
My the bitter load of anguish here
I bear within my heart—

Conceal thy feeling all
My the bard's of old hath said
Nor ~~[illegible]~~ break the spell my soul enthral
My till numbered with the dead

My pathway is so dark
No gladsome light is mine
My Weary and frail my little bark
No sun on it doth ~~[illegible]~~ shine

Pemill

August 9th 1864 Stella Drops

My The Moon is shining brightly down
My The stars are peeping one by one
My The earth is beauteous fragrance lies
But tears are filling My poor eyes

My The trees in leafy verdure dressed
No calm within My soul doth rest
But heaving breast and Mournful sigh
All tell of grief's on My soul doth lie

Oh why this load within My breast.
Is there no heaven for me of rest
No solace for my troubled soul
No earthly physician to make me whole

Oh Lord in Mercy pity me
No other help but only thee
In pitty fold thine arms around
And take me hence to heavenly ground

Other helper have I none
My The Great Three I am in one
Then give me Grace as I die
To Help there no one else is nigh.

Pennell

Lines written on the Death of Mrs "M" Hartman
For her husband L.B Hartman — April 29th 1865

"My dear wife indeed are you gone
"To your bright home in Heaven
And left me to weep and mourn
"For thy dear love that was given

As solace to cheer my lonly hours
And gild my happier ones
"To draw me away from all earthly cares
"To your own heavenly home

"There's nought on earth to lean upon
Since thy dear breast is gone
I can only weep and mourn
"The love that will never return

"They have buried you out of my sight
But they cannot take you from me
"They have laid you in earth but your soul is above
And I shall go home to Thee

"My own dear wife will you not come
"From your bright home in the sky
"To cheer me in my lonly hours
"My heart with grief is so sad, Ah! I'll

June 12th 1865

Verses for Nelson Tombstone

Why stand ye here a weeping
My dearest friends for me
My soul is now in Gods dear keeping
So look aloft and See

The king of Glory standing
A crown within his hand
To crown My soul when landing
On Jordans happy strand

Thoughts that came into my mind
on thinking of Lilian

January 1869

When skies were dark and dreary
And Clouds around me lowered
Who kept My bark from wandering
And balm of Gilead poured

Who bore my sinking spirit up
Who raised mine eyes to heaven
And bade me drink the bitter cup
That I might be forgiven

T Terrill

Feb., 19th 1864 Mistic Drops

A little stone A stump or tree
Has often marked a spot for me
Made sacred by some ~~some~~ memories
That start the tears into my eyes

A lowly bench A mossgrown seat
Where me and My loved used to meet
A murmuring brook A rippling rill
With agony My heart doth fill

My prairie home I love full well
Where gray haired father here to meet me
It makes My sorrowing bosom swell
To know he's not to greet me

My then dearest gilden why not come
To lonely home and heart of mine
I have no gilded hall for thee like some
But hearts and souls well entwine

Permiell

April 14th. 1763

Dreaming

I am dreaming to night by the pale
lamps light
Over days that are past and gone

Feb, 24th. 1764

Mistic Boys

Did you think you would reach any heat to roam
When you cast it so lightly away
Did you think there was any enticement but harm
Would drive dull care away

Did you think any vows were so lightly said
I could so easily lay them aside
The demon spirit of jealousy is not laid
But is smothered up with my pride

The love that was yourn will never return
The alter whereon it was laid
Is all broken and bruised demolished and torn
Yourens with ours it would have stayed

Permill

Nov 19th 1855

Oh I am sad very sad to night and my heart would rebel at its hard lot here if it were not for the sweet Solace of the religion of Jesus Christ ——————

I could almost say why must I plod along my weary life and meet no congenial spirit here, must it always be so, must this wealth of love always be lavished on those that does not appreciate it No I feel at times that thou art drawing my heart with the cords of love closer and closer to thee, and this fiery trial will not always last, ——————

I know that at last thou will accept of me for his sake who died on calvarys rugged brow, Oh give me patience to endure to the end ——

Lemill

No I have thought I [illegible]
Oh I might [illegible]
I dare I cling [illegible]
I bring it thee [illegible]

April 16th 1864 Saturday Evening Thought

I am weary waiting — yes I am weary waiting
For the time to roll around
And relieve my spirit of its weary waiting
And lay me under the ground

For life is dreary — yes so very dreary
When our dearest hopes are dead
The time was once when I was not thus weary
But now dreary joys are fled

Yes dearest Willie thou art gone
unto our God above
Ten thousand angels swell thine throng
and sing Redeeming love

Oh yes methinks I see thee clothed
Arrayed in shining white
A golden harp within thy hand
A crown within thy sight

Let little ones come unto me
for of such is the kingdom
that I am not for I am he
Upon the throne above

Hearts Longings June 14th 1865

Oh cleanse my heart from every sin
And come thyself and dwell therein
Oh cleanse my soul from pride and drop
Help me Oh Lord to hear my cross

Help me to shun the haunts of sin
And make my guilty conscience clean
Help me to love Thee first and best
Till I at last will gain my rest

Help me to watch help me to pray
Learn me to serve Thee night and day
And when at last My race is run
Unto thy servant say Well done

Well done thou good and faithfull one
Thy race on earth is now well done
Thy race in heaven will now begin
Open pearly gates Oh let me in

One blessing grant before I go
Oh save my dear ones here below
Then take me home to heaven above
To bask my soul in Jesus love

Permill Hoberecht

Verses written by Selina Dorcher Hemans Mills

Will you dear friend though far away
Recall the hours you spent with me.
And oft at evening as you stray
Think of a friend who thinks of thee

M. M. Yarbrough

I'll suffer on my thirsteen years
Till My deliverer comes
He'll wipe away his servants tears
And take his exiles home

M M Yarbrough

Oh where is the hand held out to cheer
This heart with anguish riven
Affliction sighs and sorrow tears
Have never found a refuge here
There is nothing kind but heaven

M M Yarbrough

Farewell Farewell a long farewell
O'tis a sad and solemn sound
It makes my heaving bosom swell
And dust a gloomy look around

And can I ere so soon forget
A friend so dear so much beloved

How since the time when first we met
my kindes sympathy I've proved

Except the poor return I make
A heart of gratitude sincere
Ah that heavn's best wishes take
Farwell farwell forever dear
M M Glendenin.

January 1869

There is a calm, a dear delight
On weary spirits poured
A calm and heavenly light
Poured on by angels hands

There is A calm & heavenly rest
For weary hearts and hands
A rest upon our saviors breast
And in the promised land

mill

March 1 2 3 4 5 pleasant &
Warme in Iowa in the Year 1866 &c
On the 5-th I gatherd Corn

The 24th of Dec 1866 it was cold & windy
freezing and no snow Roads rough
at Night Clear
H A Helenbrandt

Dec 25-th 1866 Christmas nice and pleasant
Turkey Roast at Fathers
Dec 26th 1866 Cold & windy unpleasant

1870

1870

Made two drapes for Mothes one 1870
dollas each $2,00
kept two men over night 1,,75
Henry Reed come here to board on the
23 of May — got — 3,31
Sold calf 5
two drapes 2
Made Willie pants coat vest cap 5
Made Mothes pants two skirts 1
made two shifts for mother
Made Willie pants and vest 1
made one sheet
done Sewing for Kate Hewitt about 3 dol
Worked three weeks for Margaret 3

Weep not dear sister all is well
Though thy little one is gone
With Jesus and His saints to dwell
Around Gods dazzling throne
Those little buds though nipt, in bloom
With eyes so sparkling bright
Hath upward to their heavenly home
Taken a joyful flight

And tho their voice is heard no more
Which we they oft have played
Yet far beyond this mortal shore
They are gloriously arrayed
Ah, yes, methinks I see them stand
All clad in Raiments white
A golden harp within their hand
With gems of liquid light

Behold them march before the throne
While thousands burst in song
Throughout high heavens eternal dome
To God their holy One
And while eternal ages roll
Through times infinite space

Shall songs of glory fill the soul
And swell their notes of praise

When dearest sister dry thy tears
Your Lost Angels Gone in heaven
And through the Lapse of countless years
They'll sing redemption Given

M M Hartman
For Pernell

Made dress for mother 1871
do — do — — — 1871
— — — — — 1872
two shirts for father 1872
Worked two weeks for mother 1871
Sewed three weeks in Belleplain 1871
Sewed for John 96 1 week 1871
Sewed 1 week and two days for ~~Wright~~
Mrs Wright 1871
Worked for Mrs Forsythe 3 days 1872

Marriage

There is no one thing in life more lovely more full of the divinest courage. Then when a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when all mothers anticipations and soothed her little cares when brothers and sisters grew from merry play mates to loving trustfull friends, from christmas gathering and merry the summer festival and in bowers of golden green the woods sanctified by the death of relatives from the solemn background of her childhood and girlhood and maidenhood looks out into the dark and unillumined future away from all that and yet anticipates undaunted leans her pris cheek upon her lovers breast and whispers, Dear heart I cannot see but I believe the past was beautiful and the future I can trust with thee.

Home

"Home how sweet the sound
To my distracted ear
It soothes our cares and heals our wounds
And calms our every fear

Pennell

Henry A Heldenbrand
Henry A Heldenbrand Benton Co
1871 May 1st East wind & rain
" April Big Hail fell

James Heldenbrand Benton Co Iowa

James Heldenbrand Held

Heldenbrand James Heldenbrand

Henry A Heldenbrand

Lines for Chester A Heldenbrand

Baby's hands folded, eyes at full length rest
Sonny's brown eyes closed, baby at rest

Tiny sweet feet, tired so soon
Over life's journey, fling roses in bloom

Over his wee baby bed, so lowly and dear
Plant lillies Pure lillies, All do not weep

For Christ - me his Mercy, his word unto them
Come unto Me, And I will say Peace
Be still

Thoughts of the New year 1864

The morning of the new year — Does it not shed the blessed light of a new hope over the darkest path — Even the sorrows of the heart are cheered by the "silver lining" that a New Year casts upon the clouds of life — Hope makes all minds skin on this day " sympathies are awakened within the soul, even from the pressure of outward cold and the barrenes of nature "

Permilla

Relics 1864

Another Morning " Time rolls on " days come and go " borne ons and adown the swift River of time — like yonder broken bought upon the rippling stream ocurce leaving there impres upon the dimpled bason " but Memory hath with eager hand snatched some choice relic as they floated by and treasured them in the merciful garners of her store house

Permilla

Dec 25 1870

Gone where no sorrow mars the brow
Gone where no tears will dim the eye
Gone where their love will thrive abid grow
Gone to their savior in the sky

The dearest friends are soonest parted
Hearts we love are soonest cold
"Friends we love are broken hearted
As the sands of life grows old

April 8th 1872
Henry A Holdenbrand
Bell Plaine Iowa

Yes I have bought them with a price
Lives brought on earth or heaven so dear
I came at living sacrifice
I bought them with My blood

July 21st 1863 My Farewell to A Friend

My Farewell My Farewell A long Farewell
Oh 'tis A sad and mournful sound
It Make My heaving bosom swell
And cast A gloomy look around

And Can I ere so soon forget
A friend so dear so much beloved
For since the time when first we met
Thy tender sympathy I've proved

Except the poor return I make
A heart of gratitude sincere
Oh that that heart best wishes take
Farewell farewell forever there

Matilda M. Eastman

Miss Pennill

Permilla Holdenbrand West Irving
Jennell
The Year of Our Lorde 1865

Christmas warme & pleasant
Snow thawing and disapearing
South wind & Clear
A Merry A Held
West Irving Iama Co Iowa
Confounded Cold
And getting no warmer
When I see things
so late and stock
suffering I cannot help but
feeld
Henry A Holdenbrand
Belle Plaine

Henry

Under the crop

I cannot cannot say
Out of thy bruises and broken heart
Odorous dews along A thorn set way
While blood drops start
From every sore as I pray an
Thy will, O, God be done

Oh shadow drear and cold
That frights me out of foolish pride
Oh floods that through my bosom roll
It billowy tide
I said till ye your powers made known
Gods will, not mine be done

Pity my woes O God
And touch thy will with thy warm breath
Put in my trembling hand the rod
That quickens death
That my death syke may feel thy sun
And say thy will be done

Pennell

Mr Henry A Bolenbaugh

West Irving

Tama Co

Iowa

one ounce of flower of Sulphur and
one quart of water for dandruff on head
for whitening the hands, one wineglassful
of Colognie one of lemon juice
two cakes of Castile soap scrape and
mix well ——— for a wash for under the
arms Spirits of ammonia teaspoonful
in a basin of water —— to get rid
of freckles half a drachm of muriate
of ammonia two drachms of lavender water
half a pint of distilled water and mix
apply with a sponge — two or three times
a day ——— to make the hair
curl two ounces of borax one
drachm of powdered gum tragacanth
one quart of hot water mix
two ounces of of Spirit of wine and
some gum camphor

Dec, 19th 03

Our Lost Darling

With broken hearkenings trembling in Mere time
Father we bow submissively to Thee
And give Thee back our beautiful our own
A white robed angel ever more to be

To take her our father Thou we know full well
How desolate and dreas our home will be
The stricken heart, all vainly seeks to tell
Or image forth its lonely misery

We will look up though bleeding earthly torn
Clings fondly to the pale and cherished one
To the lone grave where sleeps our precious dove
With folded wings and earthly mission done

We will look up for on the saviours breast
That shinning head is fondly pillowed there
Serene and beautious in its heavenly rest
Fairest amid the beautiful and fair

We will look up for from that angel band
Come strains of melody from harps of gold
And round our darling where is a radiant band
Whose praise swells high as hes fame

We bless the father for the brief bright hours

When she did linger sweetly by our side
Life seemed so strewn with love and rosy flowers
We never thought our Ida could have died

We bless thee that no bitter dying strife
Marred with keen agony that angel brow
As sunset fades so shaped that bright young life
That knows no grief no blighting sorrow now

Only to thee our faiths could we give
The folded radiance of our precious dove
The holy trust that with thee she doth live
Sheds soothing balm us, sorrow darkest hour

Yet many A precious memory will we keep
Of that young head whose beauty was so rare
Whose sunny locks did wave it sweetly deep
And wave in unrestrained purity did bear

And so we turn with deeply chastened heart
From Ida, grave and with an upward gaze
To place the trusting faith which heaven imparts
To gild with brightness all our future days
And we will speak of that sweet smile
So early parted and that look of love
Whose fond remembrance on each exile beguile
Though early summoned to the bourne above

Select Poetry

Shall we Know Each Other There.

When we hear the music ringing
Through the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care
On the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angles meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends who greet us
On the glorious spirit-land?
Shall we see the dark eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;

And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know

O! ye weary ones and lost ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ears;
Evermore their sweet tone lingers,
We shall know each other there.

Written by Laura.
For her friend

July 14th/63.

Tuesday eve.

On the Year of 1865 Snow fell on the
27th Day of October In Iowa
Henry A Holdenbrand
West Irving
Tama Co
Iowa

April 24th 1863 Thoughts of to night original

Lonely and sad This This silent night
I am sitting here all alone
My thoughts are busy but nothing light
Is mixed with me there tone

I am thinking; and such sorrowfull thoughts
Are crowding one by one
Within the range of my minds eye
There not akin to the sun

Why does the spectre of other days
Arise to mock my pain
Why is it, the love of other days
Does not come back again

I would like to be clasped in your arms to night
To feel your warm breath of love
Your kisses sweet my lips should greet
Your heart to mine fast ties

Would you not like to night for me
To press there like of Mine
Will you not take my poor heart back
To the care and protection of Mine

Permilla Fo, Henry

The Absent — — — Augt 20th, 36

Are we parted by death — Oh the affection
that travels by with the flown spirit to
it's home in the realms of light
Absent from sight to the spirit-
ears near — no shade of earth mingles
in the holy office of a ministering angel
whose sweet influence is like the gentle
dew upon the fragrant flower, which
exhales it's perfume unseen but ever
grateful to the perception of the inborn
spirit — Absent — but not forgotten
is a sweet but touching Memorial

Jemild

To a friend

I'd, love thee if I might but love
I would be my chief delight
To note thy every look by day
Thy deepest dream by night

But, no, it may not ever be
That sunny dream is ours
Too long I've cherished it and well
I must not dream it now

Jemild

Lines Written On the Death of Our Anna
By M A Hartman

Weep not dear Sister —— all is well
Though— Thy little one has gone
With Jesus and his saints to dwell
Around Gods dazzling throne
Those little buds, Though nipped in bloom
With eyes so sparkling bright
Hath upwards to their heavenly home
With angels took their flight

And Though Their voice is heard no more
With Those They oft hath played
Yet far beyond this earthly shore
Their glorimaly arrayed
Ah— yes Methinks I see them stand
All clothed in glory bright
A golden harp within their hand
With gems of Heaven light

Behold them march before the throne
Whilst thousand burst in song
Throughout high heavens eternal dome
To God the Holy one
And while eternal ages roll
Through times infinite space

Shall songs of glory fills their soul .
And swell their notes of praise

When dearest sister dry thy tears
Your Bro's they've gained in heaven
And through the lapse of countless years
They sing redemption given

A. M. Hoffman
Shenandoah July 9th 1862

For A Friend — A Tribute

Will you dear friend though far away
Recal the hours you've spent with me
And oft at evenings as you stray
Think of A friend who thinks of thee

Willie Glen
Brooster May 18

Nov — 26/65

This was one of the most
pleasants Days On know nice
Day very fine

Yours
In haste

Hank A Heldenbrand
West Irving
Tama Co
Iowa

Jan — 1866
" — " — 1st Colder
" " 2d Colder
" " 3d "
" " 4th "
" " 5 "
" " 6 "
" " 7 Colder
" " 8 — "
" " — 9 — "
" " 10 Rain & Sleet
" " 11 " " Warmer from The East
" "

Henry A Holdenbrand

On the 14 day of Feb 1866
a Snow Storm of the worst kind
many froze to Death Snow drifted
Hank Heldenbrand
West Irving Iowa

March 10th 1866
Rain in the afternoon froze Sleet
Hail fell ——
Sunday 11th of March
Cloudy Prairie covered
with Sleet no Sun
H & H Heldenbrand
West Irving
Tama Co
Iowa

Heavy Rain on the 17 of April 1866

Heavy Rain from the 1st of June
until the 14th of June 1866

Mistaken Economy April 12 1863

No language can express
the cruelty and folly of that economy which
to save a fortune for a child starves his
intellect and impoverishes his heart —

there should be no economy in education,
money should never weighed against the soul
of a child — it should be poured out like
water for the childs intellectual culture and
moral life, Authes Dr Channing

Mill

Easter Sunday 1865

Oh could I flap my wings to night
And soar away to endless light
Would my soul ever again to earth
No it was not here my soul had birth

Easter Sunday March 25 1866

Could I content & flame my wings to night
And soar away to christ above
Sing there in songs with angels bright
And sing redeeming love

Perrill

What is Home, April 12th 1863

Home, is not made of palace walls
Though with pictures hung and gilden
Home is where affection calls
Filled with shrines the heart has builden
Home is to which the faithful dove
Fails beneath the heavens above us
Home is where theres one to love
Home is where theres one to love us

Home, is not merely roof and room
Home needs something to endear it
Home is where the art can bloom
Where there is some kind lip to cheer it
What is home with none to meet
None to welcome none to greet us
Home is sweet, and only sweet
Where there is one we have to meet us

Permill

In Memory
Gone to that Dreamless land
From earth's life riven
Gone to a sure world
Asleep in heaven
The spirit wing hushed in their weary flight
Furled in the realmm of heaven unclouded light

January 24 1864

Snow on this day commencing
in the evening

April 29th /64

Cold rain wind from the
South West no grass
Some sick some folks
are still seeding wheat
Everything Late

On Thursday the 8th March 1866
Dr Mansfield performed a Surgical
Operation On Elizabeth Heldenbrand
for the Livers disease Done

you can never appreciate what it is to
be alone in the world — to find ones
highes feelings, misunderstood, to be
obliged to laf, from one gayety to
another — to be dissatisfied with the
superficiality of life, and yet to
find no relief

Pennill July 19th 1863

As soft as fall the silken shades
Let every sorrow be
That grief or care or hope delayed
My days leaves fall on thee
And let each joy be pure and bright
As dew on summer flowers
A tender theme of deep delight
To cheer thy lonely hours.
May gently glide thy life away
As music from the strings
Of woodland lyres which as it strays
The wandering sweets of spring
Send up a soft melodous lay
Dies on the still of even
So let thy being melt away
And mingle into heaven

Pennill

Forty Years Ago

1 I wandred to the village Tom
To set beneath the Trees
Upon the School house play ground
That sheltered you and me
But none are left to greet me Tom
And few are left to know
Who played with us upon the green
Just forty years ago "Repeat"

2 The grass is just as green Tom
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then
With Spirits just as gay
But the Master sleeps upon the hill
Which coated o'er with Snow
Afforded us a sliding place
Just forty Years ago "Repeat"

3 The Old School House is altered Som
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our Jack knives had defaced
But the same old Brick are in the wall
The Bell swings to & fro
It's Music just the same Dear Tom
T'was forty years ago "Repeat"

4 The spring that bubbled neath the Hill
Close by that ~~threading~~ beach
Is very low tho as once so high
That we could scarcely reach
And kneeling down to take a drink
Dear Tom I startled so
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago "Repeat"

5 Close by that Spring upon an Elm
You know I cut your name
Your Sweet Hearts just beneath it Tom
And you did mine the Same
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark
Twas dieing structure but Slow
Just as she died whose name you cut
Three Forty years ago "Repeat"

6 My lids have long been dry
And tears came in my Eyes
When I think of those we loved so well
Those Earthly broken ties
I visited the Old church yard
And took some flowers to Strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Som forty years ago "Repeat"

Henry R Holdenbrand

I am not Mine, July 8th 1863

Thou art not Mine — My Charm is gone forever
Thy voice hath lost its music for mine ear
Thou Fivere better we eternaly should sever
Than waste My Year in vainly striving here
Untiring Constancy can never make me
endure the penance of a trifflers wiles
Though every Charm of life and hope forsake me
I could not give thee true affections smiles

Thou art not mine

Thou art not mine, Thou will not yet believe me
What would I with an unbelieving heart
I trust. my firmness yet may undecieve thee
May show the folly of a doubtful part
Where is My trust — Thou hast no true devotion
Thou hast no solace for my broken heart
For the wild surges of lifes troubled ocean
Not even reverence for its holy chart,

Thou art not mine

Thou art not mine — each day is still revealing
Some motive insincere to truth and me
Thou didst not seek me with that purer feeling
That love demands — That I had hoped of thee
Thou art of all most heedless of the anguish
That overwhelm this stricken heart of mine
Thou stayest not my weary steps — I languish

Oh for cheering aid and gentle words of thine
Thou art not mine

Thou art not mine — faith, hope, love, all are wasted
My spirit droops — from long pursuit of thee
Thine arms the rest to which it should have hasted
Now all is darkness phantoms agony
In gloomy shadow must I grope forever
Oh for some ray of earnest truth to shine
Wouldst thou but from thy reckless nature sever
Then could I love, thee, trust thee, wish thee mine
I would be thine

Permill Hawne July 13th 1863

Lonely through life — but looking for the day
When what is mortal of myself shall sleep
When human passions shall have passed away
And love no longer be a cause to weep

Permill

To an Absent freind Jan 17th 1865

I'll think of thee when morning dawn
I'll think of thee, Oh, yes
When evenings cloudless sun
Is sinking in the west
I think of thee when skies
Are clouded o'er and o'er
When storms and tempest
And peals of thunder roar
I'll think of thee, when to my God
My evening vows ascend
I'll plead the merits of a saviours name
Oft for my absent friend

Persill

Bless'd release from toil and care
Sweet be her rest, in Paradise
Calm be her sleep in the lonely tomb robbed of all
Hyd'ous ruin redeems & glorifies our blessed
the weary home at rest the head with care oppressed
Securely lies in lonely tomb till Christ shall gather his own

Friendship

Jan 17th 1865

Friendship is but a name
A charm that lulls to sleep
That follows wealth and fame
And leaves the wretch to weep
Oh, no, it is a Balm
Oft for the weary breast
The sovereign power to charm
And soothe our griefs to rest
At friendship shrine I bow
A present devotee
The sacred name of friend
Shall be revered by me

Pernell

Dear Jennie Swift

Another fair flower has fallen
But fairer & lovelier than earth
To the garden of Eden it will

Roll Call.

1 "Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.
2 "Cyrus Drew!" - then a silence fell -
This time no answer followed the call:
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.
3 There they stood in the fading light,
Those men of battle, with grave dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shade of night.
4 The corn on the hill-side was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson dyed was the river's flood, -
5 For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
6 "Herbert Cline!" - At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" - and A voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed
And A shudder crept through the corn field near
"Ephram Deane!" then A soldier spoke:
Deane carried our regiments colors" he said,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.
Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused A moment and gave him drink
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And Death came with it and closed his Eyes."
'Twas A Victory - yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll when called at night,
Of A hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered. "Here!"

By N. G. Shepperd. — Dollar Paper

Jan - 14th 1863

James Mc Connell was born Sep 22d 1809
Hanna Bowman was born March 24th 1807.
James Mc Connell & Hannah Bowman
Was Married June 9th 1827
Joseph Mc Connell was born June 9th 1828
Henry Mc Connell " " Oct- 4th 1829
Fletcher Mc Connell " " Feb 12th 1831
Matilda Mc Connell " " Oct 28th 1832
Pemelia Mc Connell " " March 11th 1835
Nathan B. Mc Connell " " Jan 2d 1837
George Mc Connell " " May 24th 1839
Rebecca Mc Connell " " April 24th 1845
Sarah Mc Connell " " May 18th 1847
Emma Mc Connell " " Aug 8th 1848

Henry Mc Connell Died Nov 22d 1829
Aged One Month 11 days
Buried at Briercreek Columbia Co Pa
Rebecca Mc Connell Died Jan 10th 1847
Aged One Year Nine Month 11 days
Buried at Hinmises Church Columbiana Co Ohio
Sarah Mc Connell Died June 8th 1847
Aged 21 days Buried at Mt Union Stark Co Ohio
Hanna Mc Connell Died Aug- 2d 1851
Aged 44 Years 4 Month 9 days
Buried at Mudbrook Church Stark Co Ohio

Ida Heldenbrand Died March 31st 1857
Aged 3 Years 4 Month 24 days
Buried at Mudbrook Church Stark Co Ohio
Anna Eliza Heldenbrand Died May 18th 1862
Aged 3 Years 11 Month 2 days
Buried at Mudbrook Church Stark Co Ohio
Ella Rena Roberts Died Dec 5th 1876
Buried at Juniata Adams Co Neb
James McConnell died Oct 31 1892
Buried at Mapsville Ohio

Uncle Robert Died March 14th 1867 at Alliance Oh
John A Beck Died Dec 12th 1871 Benton Co Iowa
Franklin Heldenbrand was Killed April 1873
on The Bank of Loups River Buffalo Co. Neb
Buried 1/4 Miles North & west of Kearney Junction
Neb
Henry A Heldenbrand died April 24
~~1871~~ ~~1919~~ 1909
~~1871~~

Permilla M. Heldenbrand died at
Kearney Nebr. Dec 16-1922: 3-30 P.M.

The Empty Cradle

1 In the still and quiet chamber
There's an empty cradle bed,
With a print upon the pillow
Of a baby's shining head
'Tis a fair and dainty cradle,
Downey soft the pillows white
But within the blanket folded
Lies no little one to-night

2 Once the mother sat beside it
When the day was growing dim
And the pleasant voice was singing
Soft and low the cradle hymn
Now there's no more need of singing
When the evening shadows creep
For the cradle bed is empty
And the baby gone to sleep

3 Little head that use to nestle
In the pillows white and soft
Little hands whose restless fingers
Folded there in dreams so oft
Lips were prefsed with fondest kisses
Eyes we praised for purest rays
Underneath the church-yard daisies
They have laid you all away

4 Ah the empty useless cradle
We will put it out of sight
Lest our hearts should grieve too sorely
For the little one to night
We will think how safe forever
In the better fold above
That young lamb for which we sorrow
"Resteth now in Jesus' Love"

Henry A Holdenbrand

1874

Matilda Miller Died July 11th
1877 at Massillon Ohio

Melissa McConnell Died Nov 23
1879 at Massillon Ohio

Grandma Holdenbrand died Oct 31
Aged Monday 91

In after years as thou perchance
As thoughts of "Auld Lang Syne" arise
Midst other scenes shalt cast A glance
Along these pages should thine Eyes
Rest on this tribute think of one
Think kindly as I shall of thee

June 21th 1860

Henry A Heldenbrand

Sober Thoughts
Yet oft in dreams I form Fancies
That thinks of me and loves me too
I start and when the vision flown
I weep that——— I am all alone

Miss Effie Harlic

No, 1850 Lemyndown Avenue
Philadelphia Pa
L B Harbaugh

Effie died December 5th 1876

Copied Poetry

Jan. 11th 22nd 18[illegible]

There are some things I cannot bear
Some things which rouse my angry hate—
Some hearts whose love I would not share
If earth and heaven were desolate.

Permi

How the longing, yearning for human love
will come up in our hearts, so little in its
intensity, it cannot be stifled and many lone-
ly hearts have struggled on through life
seeking to satisfy or crush this thirsting
for affection, sometimes praying that pray-
ers answered when it is too late for the
My own heart can testify to the truth
of those lines.

Permitt Co

The Race of life
We are pilgrims sailing homewards
To a land beyond the sun
And our footsteps painting towards
Mark the courses that we run.

By some words that is idly spoken
Oft some soul is deeply stirred
Many A trusting heart is broken
By A whisper scarcely heard.

Perm

A Wish for My Friends

Jan 1763

And friends dear friends when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me
And round my bier you come to weep
Let one most loving of you all
Say not a tear must o'er her fall
God giveth his beloved sleep

Pormile

John A Beck died Dec 12th 1871-

Henry A Holdenbrand
West Irving Sama Co
Iowa

Permilla Holdenbrand
West Irving Sama Co
Iowa

Henry A Holdenbrand
West Irving Sama Co
Iowa

Permilla Holdenbrand
West Irving Sama Co
Iowa

Canton is the County seat
of Stark County
Ohio

Massillon is situated for a
flourishing towne has advantage
of Canal Railroad and
good water power

Permit Heldenbrand Book Jan 19th '63 Ohio

Henry A Heldenbrand, Stark County Ohio

Creditors Paid 30th 1869

The three Sons are living
the Sisters are both dead
is surviving all sleeping
[illegible] will be no
[illegible] nothing
[illegible] there
[illegible] will
[illegible] had
[illegible]

Henry A Heldenbrand

On or before January first 1863

We or either of us promise to pay

or bearer the sum

of one Thousand dollars for

Value received This 14 day of

October 1862

Wm McDonald

Wm McDonald

Samuel McClain

Geo. Wm. McClain

Mc Donald